WHAT of THAT?

Occasion'd by a PAMPHLET, intitled,

Are these Things so?

And its ANSWER,

Yes, they are.

This is true LIBERTY:—When free-born Men
Having t' advise the Public—may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, *deserves his* PRAISE;
Who either can, or will, may hold his Peace:
What can be *juster* in a STATE than this? EURIPID.

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WHAT of THAT!

Occaſion'd by a PAMPHLET, intitled,

Are theſe Things ſo? &c.

TO fill the REALM with *Fears* of *coming Woe*,
The previous Queſtion's put, *Are theſe Things ſo?*
This Queſtion, from ſome *irkſome* Grotto ſent,
Gives us to know---*the Author pays no Rent!*
Meets no Diſturbance in his *gen'rous Cares*,
Or, aught to thwart him,---but his *Patriot Fears!*
As free from *Paſſions*, as he's free from *Vice*;
Yet, ſpeaks UNTRUTH!--For TRUTH wears no Diſguiſe:

From *Party*, *Pique*, and *Rancour*, ever free,
And nought diſturbs his Peace, ſave LIBERTY!
Himſelf enjoys;---yet ſtill, his feſter'd Mind
Would fain enforce, that BRITONS brave are blind!
When *calm*,---*the* Greek *he reads*, *or* Roman *Sage*,
Himſelf delighting with the Mirth-fraught Page.
Quite *independent* of Mankind!---He ſhews---
He breakfaſts, dines, and ſups---with his tir'd *Muſe!*
Indiff'rent as a Hermit---thus can live---
To *Heav'n* and *Moraliſts* a FUGITIVE!

NEXT, comes his Friend---his Happineſs to ſhare;
And to, *Are theſe Things ſo?* cries, *Yes, they are:*
His Friend, his *other Self*—ambiguous, too——
Proudly directs Sir R****T what to do:
Prophetic Rage inſpires *his* lab'ring Breaſt,
Nor anxious Cares, nor Riches break his Reſt:
He ſays, he *pities*, and yet *blames* Mankind;
Pretends to ſee—ſee what?—to ſee the *Wind!*

ARE theſe the Patriots—who aſſert they're free
From *Party-prejudice* and *Apathy?*

Who run all Riſques, to dwell in ſlothful Eaſe;
Nor God or *Man*, nor yet *themſelves*, can pleaſe:
But, ſhould once *Juſtice* with her *Laſh* prevail,
They'll cry, and yelp, like Curs that burn their Tail:
Fearleſs of Laws, unaw'd, yet, fly away---
Full open-mouth'd---*We're ruin'd all To-day!*

Whate'er in *Secret*'s done, they'd *ſeem* to know,
And, cry, *A Wonder!*---if a Speck's on *Snow:*
Tho' all ſuch Triflers are without their Stings,
Fly-like, they're buzzing round the Ears of Kings:
Reſtleſs to change, and cringing when oppreſs'd,
Rejoic'd in *Danger*, in *Confuſion* bleſs'd:
Fools to the World;—yet, in *themſelves*, ſo wiſe!
Nothing *delights* 'em, but the *Rabble's Cries:*
Regardleſs of their Country's *Weal* or *Woes*,
Acting as *Patriots*, tho' the Nation's *Foes*;
Proclaiming what their *Malice* can invent,
To hurt her *Trade*, and ſow *foul Diſcontent*;
Puzzling themſelves, in vain, to underſtand
The *wholſome Juſtice* that *now* rules the Land.

O HAPPY BRITONS! You're more truly free,
Than any *Common-wealth*, or *Monarchy*;
Who, as Artificers in Mines of Gold,
Where various Metals firm Coheſion hold,
Have open'd to Mankind, in glaring Day,
The *pureſt* Parts - the *Droſs* have purg'd away.
Our Neighbours ſhare not half the Bleſſings -giv'n
To us, thro' Bounty of *all-gracious* Heav'n!
But ſhould an Angel ſtand our *Helm* to ſteer,
The thankleſs Croud would *ſlight* him,--not *revere!*
Is England *ſunk, to ſuch a low Degree!*
That Gaul *and* Spain *muſt limit out her Sea?*
No!---
She's Miſtreſs ſtill, and Rock-like ſtill ſhall ſtand,
The *Terror*, not the *Dupe*, of *Foreign Land*:
Nor does ſhe *ask, what Winds her Sails ſhall fill;*
But ſteers with *Liberty*, and ſteers at *Will*:
Her Navies vaſt!-rais'd for her *own* Support,
Whom *France* and *Spain* ne'er *dar'd* to make their *Sport*.

Is this being *loſt to Empire and Renown,*
Bemus'd at Home, or ſunk in Foreign Down?
In ſpite of *Fate*---ſhe will preſerve her *Fame,*
And cruſh to Atoms *thoſe* that ſeek her *Shame.*
Her SENATE too is free, have free Debate,
And *free Reſolves* protect BRITANNIA's State:
Her W****LE lives to *check Corruption's Swing,*
And *daily* ſerves his COUNTRY and his KING;
His Virtue 's ſteady, and his Counſel 's cool:
He cloathes no *Oaf,* nor likes a *titled Fool:*
That this is true, who dares diſpute it, ſay?
Or wiſh deſtroy'd---*The Author of To-day.*
SMARTLY affirm,---I'm of the hireling Crew;
And that I write for Bread as well as you;
That I'm in *Expectation* of a Place,
And fain would cringe and fawn upon his Grace;
That I my Country's Liberty would ſell
In *pilfer'd* Scantlings,—*at a Groat an Ell.*
But, pardon, Sir! I would not give Offence,
Not ev'n to *you*—much leſs arraign your *Senſe!*

For

For when thro' all your *Windings* you have ran,
You muſt confeſs, that MANNERS make the MAN.
Dear Sir, forbear—nor perſecute your Mind;
You ſearch, in vain, for what you'll never find.
Int'reſts of Nations if you know---'tis well:
Why then ſuch *monſtrous Falſhoods* do you tell?
Why thus inflame the Fool with *Prophecy?*
Why bolt for *Truth* upon the World a *Lye?*
Why, in your Grotto, teize your pond'rous Brains,
To ſow *Sedition* thro' our peaceful Plains?
Like *Ignis Fatuus*, ſtriving to delude,
In Lakes and Fenny-bogs, the Multitude.

HONOUR is no-where ſafe from *Slander*'s Tongue;
Infernal *Slander*, like her *Grandſire*, wrong!
Would but the Malcontents *Example* take,
Tho' for none other's, but their *own* dear ſake,
And copy HIM, as often as they blame,
England would foremoſt ſtand in *Rolls of Fame*:
Nor, blindly led---would follow jarring Sound,
While pleaſing Harmony ſo near is found.

O CURSED

O CURSED *Slander!* ſharper than a Sword!
A *Mongrel*'s now much better than *My Lord:*
Devoid of *Conſcience*, and begrim'd with *Guilt*,
Their Pangs ſo great---ſcarce ſuch the D---d e'er felt:
They'll have *Misfortunes* of their own *wiſe chuſing:*
Then, Blockheads-like, Sir R**** T fall abuſing.
Without Regard, their Calumny they ſpread,
Aſperſe the Living, and revile the Dead;
Nor caring where their nauſeous Filth they fling,
Or at the *M-------r*, or at the *K---G:*
Juſt as the *Whim* ſhould actuate their Mind,
But, chiefly, moſt, where ampleſt *Merit* ſhin'd.

IF Men were hearty in their Country's Cauſe,
They'd ſtrive to cheriſh, not ſubvert her Laws:
But as their Nature's not to be content,
Tho' ev'ry Day they'd a new Government;
To-day, ſuppoſe, their *Fav'rite* wore the Crown,
Headſtrong, *To-morrow*, *him* they'd tumble down.

WHAT would theſe foul, envenom'd Scribblers prate?
On what *new* Model would they form the State?

Is it becauſe we want *external* Foes,
We muſt ourſelves *among* ourſelves expoſe?
Hold, Country-men; and learn---When Danger's near,
'Tis Time to let the PILOT freely ſteer.
But, *you* are wiſe,---but *you* are *juſt* and *brave*,
And would poor *England*, ſpite of *England*, ſave!
Grant this is ſo;---there can be no Pretence
To leave to *novel Guides* the *public Senſe*;
Thoſe Flambeaux of *Sedition*, who from *Rome*,
Or H--ll, the Source of Fury, hither come:
'Tis theſe miſlead you into Tracks of Night,
And rob you of the SUN's all-chearing Light.
If you believe 'em,---then, 'tis wond'rous well!
If not, why then—they doom your Souls to H--ll;
Falſe Prieſts and *Patriots* keep the ſelf-ſame Rules,
They both are *Knaves*,—and both bewilder *Fools*.
Hence *C— n-S—ſe*, profanely dares to breathe,
From forth his poiſon'd Entrails, *Blood* and *Death*:
Blood to be ſpilt upon our native Shore;
And *Death* to Him who public Labours bore;

Who

Who a long Life has ſpent in TRUTH's Defence,
And in a Female Reign ſpoke Manly Senſe;
Whoſe Pow'rs, obnoxious to tyrannic Sway,
Were *cloſe immur'd* againſt a *brighter Day*,
ASCEND yet higher, Muſe; and dare to ſpeak
HIM, in whoſe Praiſe, ev'n Rhetoric is weak:
Who, when fell War on *Flandrian* Plains did frown,
Shew'd he was *worthy*, ere he *wore* a Crown.
METHINKS I ſee the ſcatter'd Armies fly
From his drench'd Sword, while Smoak obſcures the [Sky:
While *Marlbro'* ſcarce his Ardor could reſtrain
From ſeeking Death, who crouch'd among the Slain,
And frighted fled from *One* reſerv'd to *reign*;
Hoping to ſeize him at ſome diſtant Hour,
When Age and Sickneſs might augment his Pow'r:
Like ſome grim Ruffian,—who in Ills delights,
And ſtains with noble Blood *Venetian* Nights:
His coward Arm the Day's bright Luſtre flies;
But when the length'ning Shades preſent his Prize,

At ſome unguarded Paſs, he ſtands ſecure,
And ſtabs, unheeded, in a ſilent Hour.
BUT *GEORGE* ſhall live, in ſpite of *Faction's Rage,*
And by *paternal Love* our Heats aſſuage:
This has he ſtill purſu'd, ſince firſt he ſhone
Illuſtrious on his willing Subjects Throne:
Calm Judgment ever has his Counſels ſway'd,
Commanding War,—when War's maturely weigh'd;
And thinking it his darling Glory's Pride,
To *raiſe* our Trade, and make our Feuds *ſubſide.*
WHY will not *England* with her King unite,
To vindicate the *Nation's* injur'd Right?
Or, why not *wait* till his Deſigns are *known,*
At once t' advance *her* Glory and his *own?*
True Patriots never liſt, or to ſupport
A yelping Faction, or a venal Court:
But our bleſt Times have ſeen a *ſervile* Train
Bawl out for LIBERTY,—and mean — for SPAIN.
THE People's Good is a moſt ſacred Thing,
And juſt the ſame as th' Int'reſt of the *King:*

What

What Contradiction muſt it then appear
To quit the *King*, and yet the *Laws* revere?
For never *Liberty* more grateful ſhews,
Than when the PRINCE the *public Good* purſues;
Whoſe high Prerogative is never made
A Screen, his Subjects Properties t' invade:
But, where the *public Service* points its Courſe,
Tends thither, and preſides with legal Force;
Whether in *War*, its Motions to direct;
In *Peace*, the Splendor of the State protect.

LET buſy Fools, falſe Patriots Steps purſue--
While into endleſs Lab'rinths winds the Clue:
It matters not;——*Mock-patriots* can deceive,
As *oft* as vulgar Intellects *believe*.
Envy, their Leader;---*Poverty*, their Lot;
By *Slander*, living,---*not to be forgot*:
Their *Compoſition* 's of an earthy Clod,
Defaming all above them, PRINCE or GOD!
Contagion thro' the Whole does *blaſting* go:
They love *Confuſion*,---and *will* have *Things ſo!*

Diſcord's their *Paſtime*;—And to gain their End,
They'd ſacrifice both Parent and their Friend.
This buzzing Herd,—like rav'nous Beaſts of Prey,
Ruſh headlong on,—and *any* Path's their Way;
Mutt'ring, they ſtalk;—yet, what they want, can't tell;
But, give a *Treat*, and then—all things go well:
Sir R—t, or Sir *D—l*, to them's all one,
And Int'reſt governs ev'ry Mother's Son.

How lovely would this *Stoic* Sect appear!
Devoid of *Paſſions*---ſaving, that of *Fear!*
Wrapp'd up in Apathy, and free from Pain;
Whoſe ſole Ambition's o'er themſelves to reign!
They *ſcorn the Threats and Favours of a Crown!*
A Prince's Whiſper, or a Tyrant's Frown!
Their *Lux'ry's lolling in a peaceful Grot!*
Their *Pride,---forgetting, and to be forgot!*
This they affirm—with grave Deliberation—
Firſt, on themſelves *impoſe*;—then, on the Nation.

Can theſe be Friends, or *mean* their Country Good,
Who thus INDIFF'RENT would be underſtood?

With monſtrous Inconſiſtency, aſſert,——
That Love of BRITAIN *clings about their Heart!*
I hate ſuch vile abominable Lyes:
Can one *devoid of Paſſions*,—ſympathize?
Chimeras of an over-heated Brain!
Conjectures wild, of *Pleaſure* and of *Pain!*

SHOULD any one for TRUTH be Advocate,
His Pen is venal to ſome Tool of State:
But when *dear Falſhood* the whole *Train* imbibes,
They *ſcorn* all Honours, Penſions, Places, Bribes!
Nor Garret will they quit, or Duſt-hole Grot,
To live in Splendor!—(*Wou'd you* RATHER *not?*)
They're Wonders of the Age! Few Mortals know
From whence they *came*, or whither they muſt *go!*
Well vers'd in Sorc'ry! And by *Magic Spell*,
All things *paſt*, *preſent*, and *when* come, can tell!
At Foreign Courts have their *Familiar Spies*,
And know the *Time*, preciſe, a great Man dies!
Foretel the Revolutions in a State,
And at their Will,—o'er-look the *Book of Fate!*

And

And had they *Passions*, as *some* mortal Men,
Nor Rich, nor Poor, could beat their *fatal Pen*!

THUS much is said; yet, something more we'll say:
The *Wise* admire the *Author* of TO-DAY!
For *Reason*, and *sound Judgment*, on him wait,
With *Temper*, just enough, to *save* the State!
What if his *Buildings* large and noble are,
Most like their *Owner's* Heart, sublimely fair?
What if he sups off *China*, dines off *Plate*;
Nor, *Sole*, enjoys his Dainties, *What of That*!
No *Slander* moves him, and no *Praise* alarms,
No *Fears* affright him, and no *Flatt'ry* charms:
His *true Discernment* in our Home Affairs,
Is Weight more heavy than his Foreign Cares!
He *reads* Men well, without Perspective, *clear*;
And *knows* how Things are NOW, and *what* they WERE!
Then, rest assur'd!—Before we sheath the Sword,
Sev'nfold for all our *Wrongs* will be restor'd:
With me, ere *Three* Years waste, you'll *justly* say,
Rejoice, ye BRITONS!—*For*, we're *blest* TO-DAY!

FINIS.